

£25,000 FREE GIFT FOR CHILDREN: SEE PAGE 2

# The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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One Penny.

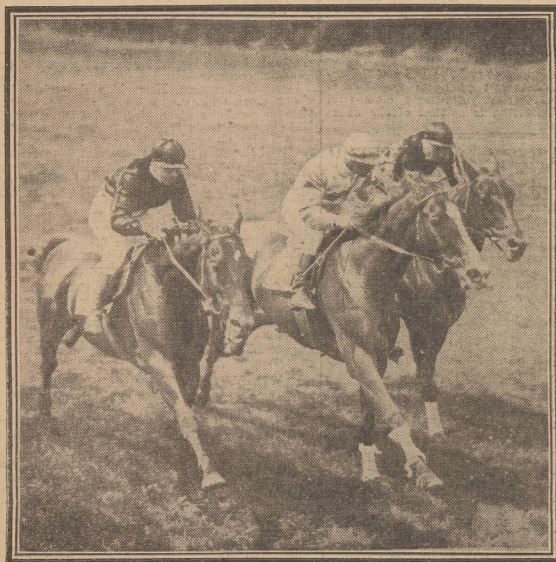
## EVERYONE LEAVES TOWN FOR THE HOLIDAY



Just a few of the great crowd of holiday-makers who every morning parade for deck-chair duty on Torquay beach.



The inevitable strays of holidaytime were well looked after by the ever ready gentleman in blue.



Ninon, Donoghue up, winning Selling High-weight Handicap at Sandown Park yesterday. Croiseur, fourth, on left, Chicago, third, right.



Part of the huge gathering at Sandown Park for the Bank Holiday programme.

As London and all other great urban centres emptied themselves for the August holiday one wondered where all the people went to. Some solution of the problem will be found

on this page and on pages 8 and 9. One thing is certain—that no one remained amidst City bricks and mortar who could possibly get away from them to sea or countryside.



# 'DAILY MIRROR'S' £25,000 THRIFT SCHEME FOR CHILDREN

## Pence Made Pounds Without Risk. PARENTS PLEASED.

### Increasing Benefits for the Most Diligent.

Never in the history of journalism has any newspaper enterprise been welcomed with such universal enthusiasm as *The Daily Mirror's* £25,000 Saving Fund for Children.

Every child under fifteen may participate in the scheme, which is designed chiefly to foster the virtue of thrift.

Parents and guardians, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, throughout the country, are unanimous in agreeing that no offer could be more calculated to teach a child how pence may become pounds.

Simplicity is the keynote of this great scheme.

### NO RESTRICTIONS.

#### Children May Collect Certificates from Relatives and Friends.

No forecasting is required; there are no entrance fees; and nobody need register. There is nothing to prevent even the smallest child from saving money, either in the form of National Savings Certificates or cash.

In the top right-hand corner of the back picture page of *The Daily Mirror* there will appear each day a Children's Savings Certificate. The first of these appeared last Saturday.

All the child has to do is to collect as many of these certificates as possible. When he or she has collected a certain number *The Daily Mirror* will convert them either into money or National Savings Certificates.

In addition to teaching thrift, the Children's Savings Fund also offers plenty of scope for energy and enterprise. The enterprising youngster will collect *Daily Mirror* certificates from every possible source.

They will naturally secure the certificate which appears in their parents' copy of this newspaper. Then they will enlist the help of their relatives and friends and neighbours.

Enterprising boys and girls have proved over and over again that they can be trusted in this respect by their vast collection of odds and ends. The hunt for Children's Savings Certificates will be just as fascinating, and vastly more profitable to the collectors.

The rate at which *The Daily Mirror* will redeem the certificates is one shilling for ninety-six; two shillings for 192, and so on.

There is no limit to the number any child (who must be under fifteen years of age) may send in, provided that not fewer than ninety-six are forwarded at one time. All in excess of that number must be in multiples of forty-eight.

A batch of forty-eight certificates sent in by themselves are of no value. But if the batch of forty-eight is accompanied by ninety-six other certificates, the total of 144 is, of course, worth 1s. 6d.

For 240 certificates (192 plus forty-eight), 2s. 6d. will be paid, and so on.

#### DILIGENCE REWARDED.

*The Daily Mirror* also proposes to reward diligence by increasing benefits to those children who collect certificates in large numbers.

For instance, the boy or girl who collected 2,976 certificates would, in the ordinary way, receive two National Savings Certificates worth 16s. each.

It will not be necessary, however, to send in so many to receive that award. The number has been fixed at 2,950.

The following table below explains itself:—

	Worth
For 2,950 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	£1: 12
2 National Savings Certificates	
For 4,400 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	£2: 8
3 National Savings Certificates	
For 5,850 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	£3: 4
4 National Savings Certificates	

Children will be well advised to wait until they have collected 2,950 certificates (representing a value of 15s. 6d.), for then *The Daily Mirror* will present the sender with a National Savings Certificate for 16s.

In five years that certificate will be worth £1, and in ten years it will be worth £1 6s. Parents and guardians should do all in their power to encourage the children to secure the benefits of the scheme, as they definitely form the basis of a child's savings.

Obviously as these savings accumulate, the child will be encouraged to add whatever money comes from other sources, and a habit of thrift will be engendered which will be of inestimable value, not only to the individual, but to the nation.

As a further incentive to children *The Daily Mirror* will also present an award of merit.

(Continued on page 15.)

## INURED CHEERED.

### Forty Children Flung from Motor-Lorry.

#### WAIT AT HOSPITAL.

While a party of about fifty children from Willenden Green were being conveyed in a motor-lorry for an outing yesterday morning the side of the lorry gave way at Craven Park, Harlesden.

Forty of the children were flung into the roadway and several were injured. These were taken to Park Royal Hospital, where they were attended to.

The general body of the excursionists waited while the youngsters were at the hospital and cheered and sang when they saw the little ones with plastered faces running towards the lorry to resume the journey to the woods.

Two little girls who were more seriously injured were determined not to be deprived of the day's enjoyment, howled until they were allowed to rejoin the party. The injured were:—

Joseph Bayley (eight), Eva Bayley (ten), and Albert Morbaz, all of Villiers-road, Willenden, abrasions; Florence Norman (thirteen), of Kilburn, cut on head; Grace Broad (six), Harlesden, abrasions; Winifred Nunn (fifteen) and Sarah Nunn, Willenden Green, abrasions; Eileen Tippet (six), Churchmead-road, Willenden, abrasions.

A touring car, after knocking down Thomas Burns, of Papcastle, outside Cockermouth, did not slacken speed and went on in the direction of Carlisle.

Burns, who was dragged along some distance, was seriously injured about the head and body, and was hours in recovering consciousness.

The police have possession of a portion of the broken wind screen of the car.

While bathing at Blackpool John Robert Jones, aged twenty-two, a visitor from Glamorgan, was drowned.

While bathing in Church Bay, Crossehaven, Michael Hourigan, aged twenty-three, of Evergreen, Cork, was drowned. An expert swimmer, a strong ebullient tide washed him against the rocks, and attempts at rescue were unavailing.

### PRINCE IN HOSPITAL.

#### Injured Ankle Making Good Progress — Surgeon's Tribute to Patient.

Prince Henry, the King's third son, who fractured his ankle while putting a restive tourist horse to the jump at Aldershot, was yesterday practically free from pain.

"His cheery disposition and splendid physical condition is a better tonic than any medicine," said one of the surgeons at the Cambridge Hospital.

### LOSS TO GRAND OPERA.

#### Famous Prima Donna Joins Musical Comedy Stage.

Some of our greatest operatic stars with world-wide reputations cannot, it is stated, live upon their salaries, and are compelled to take incidental concert engagements and gramophone work.

Isabel Rhys-Parker, the famous prima donna of the British National Opera Company, has just abandoned the operatic stage and gone into musical comedy. This noted singer, who recently played "Madame Butterfly" at Covent Garden Opera House, and who is the wife of Robert Parker, the well-known baritone, says:—

"It took me quite a long time to come to this important decision. I felt that I was not making enough use of my voice. There is no doubt whatever that my example will be followed, much, I believe, to the advantage of the ordinary musical play. Musical comedy companies have long put up with pretty, but untrained voices."

### FLOGGINGS FOR MEMORY.

#### Archbishop of Canterbury Tells How He Was Taught Dates.

A "painful memory" of his school days was alluded to by the Archbishop of Canterbury in an after-lunch speech at Lymington. He said that at the small Scottish school he attended, his master, when he wanted to impress on them the date of a battle or the eclipse of the sun, would flog six of the boys. The master believed that such an exhibition impressed itself so much on them that they would never forget any particular date.

### DEATH TRAP IN GARDEN.

"A death trap for children" was the corner's comment on an old boiler sunk in a neighbour's garden as a duck-pond, in which Clarence Ackersley, aged two, was drowned at Cwmbran.

### CONSCRIPTION FOR ALL?

Demanding universal military training for all citizens and the establishment of "a democratic force for national defence alone in place of the present professional standing army, a resolution passed yesterday at the Social Democratic Federation Conference in London.

## DIAMOND IN STABLE.

### Finder Thinks £1,500 Gem a Piece of Glass.

#### NAPOLEON RELIC.

The vanished £1,500 diamond which belonged to Napoleon has been restored to its owner after lying in a stable for three days, the finder thinking it only a piece of coloured glass.

The diamond was lost last week by Lady Galway, wife of Sir Henry Galway, of Queen Anne's-gate, S.W., on Thursday, and a few minutes later Thomas Whelan, a stableman employed in Reece-mews, picked it up.

"I was within a few yards of Lady Galway's house when I kicked a parcel lying on the pavement," said Whelan yesterday. "I picked it up and opened it as I was walking through Mansion-house."

"Inside was a sort of forked arrangement like two horns. On the top of each were openings, in one of which was mounted the diamond. When I got back to my stable I showed my pals what I had found."

"They all agreed with me that it was worth a pound or two at the outside. "The stone certainly didn't strike us as being a diamond. It was for all the world like a bit of coloured glass, so I put it in an envelope, which I stuck on the inside of a case where I keep horses' bits."

"There it remained all day Friday, and until Saturday afternoon."

Inspector Whelan read the account of Lady Galway's loss, and took the diamond to the house. He received £50 reward.

### TRIPLETS BORN AT SEA.

#### Wife of Cornish Skipper on Voyage from Australia.

Triplets have been born at sea to the wife of Captain John Ethelbert, of Cornwall, England, skipper of the *Helena*, from Newcastle, New South Wales, which, says Reuter, has arrived at Gullport, Miss.

The *Helena* was rounding the island of New Caledonia and heaving heavily in mountainous seas caused by a gale that had been blowing for three days when the triplets were born. The ship's physician, Dr. A. S. Fowler, had died two days before and was buried at sea.

The gale blew itself out soon after the arrival of the babies.

### MOUNTAIN WAR TOWER.

#### Beacon Light Memorial That Will Be Seen From five Counties.

Erected on the highest peak of Crick Stand, Derbyshire, a memorial tower was unveiled yesterday by General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien, Governor of Gibraltar.

The tower is a memorial to the 11,000 fallen of the Sherwood Foresters, which sent 150,000 men to the front in thirty-two battalions. Seven gained V.C.s, including Captain Albert Ball, the airman, who was formerly with the Foresters. The tower stands 1,000ft. above sea-level, and at the top of the tower is an apparatus for a great beacon, the light of which will be visible from five counties.

The Duke of Portland and the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lieutenant of North and Derbyshire, were present at yesterday's ceremony. General Smith-Dorrien is colonel of the Sherwood Foresters.

### "LIKE A BIRD RELEASED."

#### Alleged Drug Victim Tells the Magistrate How He Feels.

"I feel like a bird released from a cage," declared Walford Maynard, thirty-three, book-maker's clerk, charged on remand at Clerkenwell yesterday with obtaining twenty grams of heroin hydrochloride by means of a forged medical prescription.

He was further charged with obtaining between March and July 3,282 grams of the drug by forged prescriptions.

He was brought into court a week ago in a state of collapse, and now looked much better and made the remark quoted above.

Mr. Barker, prosecuting, said the man, having got a genuine prescription, continued to get the drug by forged prescriptions, and had even printed the doctor's address. A letter to a girl—found on him—stated he was denying himself to get some of the drug for her.

He was remanded in a surety for three months to see how he conducted himself.

### GOLDEN MILE RAILWAY.

There was in Wales a length of railway known as the "Golden Mile," said Mr. J. Bromley, secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, in London yesterday.

It was a cutting through the estate of Lord Tredegar, who drew one farthing on every ton of coal that was carried. Mr. Bromley said he believed the annual sum amounted to £40,000. A similar state of affairs existed in many parts of the country.

## CHASE OF 12,648 MILES FOR MAN.

### Brought from Montevideo to Bow-street.

#### RADIO DRAMA.

#### Hatton Garden Merchant Seized Stepping Off Ship.

The story of a 12,648 miles pursuit was told at Bow-street yesterday, when Samuel Gilbert, of Hatton Garden, a diamond merchant, was remanded, charged with unlawfully obtaining jewellery valued at £347 10s.

The dramatic capture was made by the aid of wireless, a message having been dispatched to the Highland Loch, the vessel in which Gilbert sailed to Las Palmas.

When he reached Montevideo Gilbert was detained and a detective was sent from London to arrest him.

The officer in chasing the man had travelled 12,648 miles and had spent forty-seven days on the journey.

### OCEAN WIRELESS CALL.

#### Man in House of Correction To Await Detective in South America.

Gilbert was arrested at Montevideo as he stepped ashore from the liner Highland Loch. He appeared before Mr. Lyeester at Bow-street yesterday.

The several charges comprised unlawfully obtaining a pair of two-stone drop diamond earrings set with milgrain, value £125; a platinum and diamond onyx watch, value £27 10s., and various other gold watches of the value of about £165, by false pretences.

He was further charged with obtaining possession of the sum of £100 by false pretences.

Gilbert, a short man with Jewish features, stepped into the dock wearing a blue suit and overcoat.

Mr. Frederick Levy, prosecuting, said that there had been no more dramatic capture by the aid of wireless than in this particular case.

As far back as March 18 the prisoner obtained a passport for the purpose of going to France, Belgium and the Argentine.

On April 4 he obtained a certain amount of jewellery from a diamond merchant at Hatton Garden, and on April 5 he sailed in the Highland Loch for Las Palmas.

A message was dispatched by wireless to this particular vessel after it had been ascertained from the shipping list that a man answering to his description was on this ship.

The message, however, arrived too late for the man to be detained at Las Palmas. Therefore it was not possible to detain him until the boat reached Montevideo, where he was placed in the house of correction.

Detective-Sergeant Muggeridge described his chase after Gilbert. Witness arrived in Las Palmas on June 21, and found Gilbert's boat had gone to Rio de Janeiro. It was not possible to get him there, however, and on July 9 he received the prisoner in custody at Montevideo.

He read the warrant over to Gilbert, who replied: "I am Samuel Gilbert, and I understand what you say. It is all a lot of lies, and I will prove it in London."

On July 12 witness left for England on the Highland Pride, arriving at Liverpool on Saturday. Gilbert was conveyed to Bow-street Police Station and charged on Sunday morning.

### OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lighting-up time to-day, 9.38 p.m.

Salmon in Boat.—A salmon jumped in a boat on the Esk at Whitby, surprising women occupants.

Grouse prospects on Yorkshire moors are better than at first expected, broods, though small, having done well.

Pigeons by "Plane"—Some 800 homing pigeons were taken by plane from Ghent to Paris, where they were released.

Viceroy's Tour.—Lord Reading is to tour North India, including Lahore, Patiala, Lucknow and Allahabad.—Reuter.

Mr. Ginnell's Successor.—Dr. Conor O'Byrne, of Ballynacargy, has been selected as Republican candidate for Westmeath in succession to the late Mr. L. Ginnell.

Cloud of Grasshoppers.—A cloud of millions of grasshoppers, an eighth of a mile wide, and several miles long, obscured the sky above Pontic, Saskatchewan, for three hours.—Reuter.

Lady Hawtrey sincerely thanks all who have so kindly expressed their sympathy by flowers, letters and telegrams. These were so numerous that she finds it impossible to reply individually.



# BRITAIN CAMPS OUT FOR IDEAL BANK HOLIDAY

Jolliest Scenes of Year at All Resorts and Sunshine in Plenty Everywhere.

10,000 SLEEP ON BEACH AT SOUTHEND

All-Night Revelry—Famine in Boats on Thames—Road and Rail Excursions Thronged.

All the world and his wife—with a very large family—were out of doors yesterday for the happiest, sunniest Bank Holiday for many years.

Excursions by road and rail carried hundreds of thousands of people to the sea. Records were made at many resorts, and bathing, boating and steamer trips were the sport of the multitude.

Ten thousand people slept out on Southend beach, and numerous parties remained on the river all night. So great was the demand for craft of all descriptions on the Thames that only those who had booked in advance could be accommodated.

Fleets of buses took a host of Londoners to outlying beauty spots, but the metropolis was not empty. Sightseeing parties from the country made it just as busy as usual.

## FLEETS OF OMNIBUSES TO BEAUTY SPOTS.

All Kinds of River Craft Booked in Advance.

### STEAMER TRIPS BOOM.

**TODAY'S WEATHER.**—Showers or slight rain in the West and North, but fine and warm in the Midlands, East and South-east. "Yes! It was a perfect Bank Holiday."

Everybody—adapting the catchphrase of the moment—will be saying that to-day.

Scenes by the sea, on the roads, the tennis courts and river, by lake and stream and among the mountains—everywhere, in fact—provided a happy picture of Britain at play on the most enjoyable open-air festival of the year.

Huge crowds thronged the great London termini, which presented a kaleidoscope of ever-changing colour.

The irresistible sunshine and a shade temperature high in the seventies—77 was the maximum—induced many people to break their original resolve to stop at home, and the result was that Waterloo, Victoria, King's Cross and Liverpool-street were besieged.

"Specials" from Waterloo to Sandown Park races were packed, as were those bound for the Southern water and the electric trains to Hampton Court, Teddington, Kingston and Twickenham.

#### AN EARLY START.

The earliest excursions to the South Coast left Charing Cross and London Bridge at 7.15 a.m., and they were just as full as the later trains.

Omnibuses to Hampstead Heath, Richmond, Hampton Court and other riverside resorts, as well as to Epping Forest, carried full complements of passengers.

Even the little steamers which ply between Westminster Bridge and Hampton Court were packed from stern to stern.

No pleasure craft, unless previously booked, could be obtained at many of the Thames-side boathouses.

One boat proprietor said: "People have been on the river all night. There was an enormous demand for camping punts, but how anyone can sleep in an open skiff puzzles me."

"When I left the boathard at midnight the river was alive, and it was the same when I returned at seven o'clock this morning."

Mixed bathing in the Thames from a station above Kingston Bridge was a popular sport.

### COWES WEEK BEGUN.

Yacht Splits Mainsail and Retires from First Race.

Thousands of visitors poured into Cowes yesterday for the Bank Holiday.

A good westerly sailing breeze prevailed, and the Britannia, Terpsichore, Nyria and Moonbeam were out for the first race of the Royal London Yacht Club for prizes of £100.

The King, with a large party, sailed aboard his own yacht Britannia, which finished first but lost on time allowance to Moonbeam. Nyria won the second prize.

Terpsichore in the first race split her mainsail and retired.

In the second race Paula, Candida, Dorina and Thanet started. The race is over a thirty-two mile course.

Paula was first, Dorina second and Thanet third.

In the third race Kegie, Atalanta and Noreen were first over the line; six started.

Suzette was first in the six-metre race, Coila second and Betty third.

## GAY MULTITUDE FLOCKS TO SEA AND MOUNTAINS.

Too Many People for Trains to Take to Bridlington.

### BATHING IN RELAYS.

After a rather lean time at the earlier Bank Holidays, all the resorts came into their own yesterday with ideal weather, huge crowds and a feast of amusements.

Ten thousand people—armed with blankets and waterproofs—slept out on the beach and cliffs at Southend and camp fires were dotted over the sands by the dozen.

Doings at other places are thus recorded:—**Scarborough.**—Full of bathing pool thronged and hundreds waiting for a dip. Ten thousand day excursionists from Leeds, Bradford, York, Hull, Newcastle, Sheffield and Hartlepool. The day doled with pleasure craft and the sands at low tide a huge playground for many thousands of children.

**Bridlington.**—Probably a record holiday enjoyed in brilliant sunshine. Enormous numbers of cars, coaches and motor-cycles were on roads and fishermen and boatmen busy all day. So great was the demand in West Riding centres that the railway company intimated that bookings could not be continued to Bridlington.

**Landruid.**—Hundreds bathing and every wharfage of trippers swelled crowd to 50,000 or 60,000.

**Skene.**—Scenes on beach and promenades unequalled since war-war days. Excursions from the Midlands ran in duplicate and extra police required to regulate road traffic. Bathing in hundreds and a record day for boating.

**Lakeland.**—An unprecedented invasion in brilliant weather. Swarms of trippers at such lonely and remote spots as West Water and Buttermere.

### DIPS BEFORE BREAKFAST.

Aeroplane Trips as the Coolest Form of Recreation.

Most Londoners, as usual, made the coast towns within a few hours' journey their happy hunting ground. How they revelled in the sunshine by the sea is described:—

**Yarmouth.**—People pouring on to the beach before 7 a.m. Hundreds bathed before breakfast. Excursionists arrived in regiments, Norwich alone sending 10,000. Those who took joy rides in biplanes claimed to have found the coolest enjoyment.

**Hastings.**—Motor boating the favourite pastime. There has not been such a successful holiday for many years. Weather ideal and thousands of visitors on the promenade.

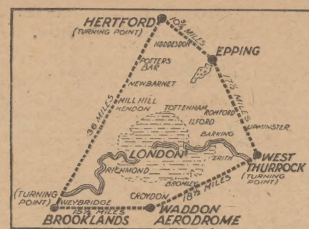
**Eastbourne.**—Conditions ideal. Calm sea thronged with bathers and cruising craft. Clear atmosphere provided wonderful views of the coast line and distant shipping.

**Brighton.**—All records beaten. Trains from London run in triplicate, all crowded, and road traffic exceptionally heavy.

**Weymouth.**—Record crowds. Trains, motor coaches and motor cars loaded. Very hot, but tempered by a gentle breeze.

**Ilfracombe.**—Popular features of a jolly day were large motor trips to North Devon, Dartmoor, Exmoor and North Cornwall. Never before were there so many motor cars on the road. Ideal weather for boating and bathing.

**Bournemouth.**—Brilliant sunshine made the holiday a record. Crowds on the sands, pier and promenades were unprecedented. Fourteen excursion trains arrived, in addition to regular and ordinary trains, with 40,000 visitors. Hundreds more travelled by motor coach. Pleasure steamers and motor boats were crowded all day and bathing continued from early morning till sunset.



Map showing the course of yesterday's Aerial Derby.

## 220 MILES AN HOUR IN GREAT AERIAL DERBY.

Carter Wins 200-Mile Dash in Record Time.

### COURTNEY FORCED TO LAND.

Thirteen of the fastest aeroplanes ever built started from Croydon Aerodrome yesterday afternoon in the Aerial Derby race round London—a distance of 200 miles.

Two prizes were at stake—one for the handicapped winner and one for the fastest time. L. L. Carter won the latter by completing the two circuits of the course in 1h. 2m. 23s.—an average speed of 192.4 miles per hour.

He piloted a Napier Lion of 450h.p., and crossed the line at 220 miles an hour. "He was much exhausted on alighting, chiefly through eye strain."

This is by far the best time for the Aerial Derby.

Flight-Lieutenant Longton was second, his net time being 1h. 13m. 9.35s., and Captain Barnard third. Last year's winner, J. H. James, did 176 miles per hour.

In the handicap the first three, Captain Hamersley (first), H. H. Perry and Flight-Lieutenant Woodhouse, finished within 1m. 44s. of each other.

Many famous pilots competed, including F. P. Raynham, Major Hemming, F. T. Courtney and Captain C. D. Barnard.

Carter conceded 1h. 36m. to A. T. Renno in an Avro "Baby." Despite this handicap, Carter was an easy favourite for the handicap among the experts.

The course was via Brooklands, Hertford and West Thurrock, two circuits being made.

Before Carter had left four competitors had completed the first circuit, while Renno came in a few seconds later, having had to land just past West Thurrock.

Shortly afterwards it was announced that Courtney, who started No. 10, had run aground at Brooklands, having found that the tail of his machine was unsafe.

Hinkler, on an Avro "Baby," had to land at Hanworth Park, near Hounslow, his engine having ceased up.

### MR. MCKENNA'S REPLY.

Says He Authorised No Statement About the Chancellorship.

Mr. McKenna, replying to a telegram from the Press Association asking if he would authorise a statement that he had decided not to accept the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, wired yesterday from Inverness-shire:—

"Have not seen statement referred to. Have authorised no statement of any kind."

Mr. McKenna left London on Thursday to spend a short holiday at Loch Moilard, on the coast of Inverness-shire, and is not expected at his London house until the end of the week.

### SPANISH EARTHQUAKE.

Many Houses Destroyed—Flames from a New Volcano.

Violent earthquake shocks have caused serious damage in villages in the neighbourhood of Huesca, the capital of the northern frontier province of that name. In some villages the greater part of the houses have been destroyed.

Inhabitants relate that they saw flames and smoke coming from one of the mountains in the vicinity. It is thought that a new volcano has been produced.

### NO BEQUESTS BY PEER.

No bequests or legacies were left by the late Lord Roe of Derby, whose estate has been sworn at £10,585. He was the first baron, and died at the age of eighty.

### MINE EXPLODES ON ROCKS.

Mines have been seen between Maistrand and Gothenburg, Sweden, says a Reuter telegram, and one washed ashore near Gothenburg recently exploded on the rocks, causing great alarm but no damage.

## BELGIUM TO PUBLISH RUHR DOCUMENTS.

Lord Derby's Talk with French President.

### PARIS STORY.

Marquis Curzon to Meet Poincare on Allied Debt.

The Belgian Government (says the Exchange) has decided to order the publication of a Diplomatic Grey-book containing all the documents and negotiations appertaining to the inter-Allied consultations, probably since the date of the inauguration of the Ruhr occupation.

The *Petit Parisien*, according to the Central News, states that Lord Derby, who is in Paris, saw M. Millerand on Saturday and had a long conversation with the French President on the subject of the Ruhr and Allied policy towards Germany.

The newspaper also states that Lord Robert Cecil, who was the week-end guest of President Millerand at Rambouillet, discussed the situation with the President.

Nothing is known in London of these reported conferences.

It is stated in political circles in Paris that Lord Curzon will meet M. Poincare shortly to discuss the reduction of the Inter-Allied debt as a preliminary to the fixing of a new sum to be paid by Germany as reparations.

#### BOMB-THROWING OUTRAGE.

The Chief of Police at Düsseldorf was arrested as well as the father and brother of a man who threw a grenade at a French detachment, wounding four soldiers and a number of civilians, says a Reuter message.

They were all known to be in sympathy with the Nationalists. A number of the Nationalists were also arrested.

All traffic has been forbidden between eleven o'clock at night and five o'clock in the morning. The restaurants, cafes, and cinemas must close at ten o'clock.

The German Government declares that if the outrage was the work of Germans every effort will be made to bring the person or persons to book, says a Central News message from Berlin.

### SULLIVAN GOING STRONG.

One and a Half Miles from Coast in Channel Swim—Woman's Attempt.

Henry Sullivan, the American who on Sunday started from Dover on his seventh attempt to swim the Channel, was reported to be one and a half miles off Cap Blanc Nez, east of Calais, at 4.15 yesterday afternoon.

This information was brought to Dover by the mail steamer Maid of Orleans, which arrived from Calais.

The captain said Sullivan seemed to be swimming well. The north-west wind had made rather broken water on the French coast.

Sullivan's swim had then extended into nearly twenty-three hours.

Earlier in the day the French mail packet reported that Sullivan was six miles off Cape Grisnez at 6 a.m.

The American woman swimmer, Mrs. Corson, who started from Dover yesterday morning on an attempt to swim to France, was more than a quarter of the distance across the Channel at 12.30.

The weather and sea conditions were favourable, but the wind was freshening. She was reported later to be going well.

### DOCKERS DRIFT BACK.

Strike Leaders' Probable Action to Find Way Out of Difficulty.

An air of peace and quiet pervaded Dockland yesterday, where the men have been on strike nearly five weeks. For the first time during the strike the meetings of the men were suspended, although the Strike Committee were in session at Poplar Tower. A steady drift back to work has been taking place. In all probability the Strike Committee will succeed in forming some sort of union of lightermen, dockers and stevedores, and then call off the strike as the easiest way out of the difficulty in which it finds itself.

### EISTEDDFOD TRADITION.

The Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales was opened at Mold yesterday by Mr. H. N. Gladstone, of Hawarden, Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire, who said that he accepted the Presidency on public and private grounds, a personal reason being that by doing so he was carrying on a family tradition.

### EXPRESS DERAILED.

The Barcelona-Paris express was derailed yesterday at a junction near Cahors. Six cars, full of the metals and were dragged along the line for over a hundred yards, destroying a signalman's cabin and tearing up a number of signals. Only one passenger was injured.



## COLLAPSIBLE BOAT IN MURDER PLOT.

Woman's Fate in Lake After Attempted Rescue.

### PRIEST'S DISCOVERY.

A remarkable murder trial will shortly take place in the Vienna court following the arrest of two men, Marek and Hynek, on a charge of murdering a woman named Johanna Hynek, wife of the latter.

A chauffeur driving past the Millstatter Lake, near Dellach (Carinthia), on May 29, saw an overturned boat and a man and a woman struggling in the water, which was very rough.

The chauffeur, says a Central News message, plunged in and tried to rescue the woman, but unsuccessfully.

The man, who succeeded in swimming ashore, gave his name as Dr. Heinrich Marek, of Vienna, and said the drowned woman was his aunt, Johanna Hynek, whom he had taken in a collapsible boat for a row.

It appeared that four days previously Hynek brought his wife to Dellach, taking rooms at an hotel, and the following day left her, saying he was sending his nephew to keep her company.

On May 28 Dr. Heinrich Marek arrived, bringing with him a folding boat, and introduced himself as the expected nephew.

The next day, though he was warned that the weather was bad, he took the woman for a row, and half an hour afterwards the accident occurred.

#### TELL-TALE LETTER.

The body of Mrs. Hynek was recovered the next day and was buried, and after the funeral the husband came to Dellach. He seemed little troubled, did not ask to see his wife's grave, and departed the next day with Marek.

Unfortunately for him, he left behind a book, which upon being examined by the hotel-keeper's wife, was found to contain a letter addressed to a Miss Wagner, of Prague, dated from Spittal on April 20.

It was a curious letter, and she took it to the priest, who at once noticed that though, as he was aware, Hynek had married Miss Wagner on April 6, he was addressing her as a complete stranger on April 20.

The priest communicated with the police, who made the following discoveries:—

Hynek and his nephew, Dr. Marek, were both very hard up, and Hynek owed relatives a large sum of money.

As a way out of his difficulties Hynek advertised for a wife, and having ascertained that Miss Wagner possessed a fortune he married her and immediately heavily insured her life.

The police theory is that Hynek induced Marek to murder his wife on a promise to give him a share of the money.

It was ascertained that immediately after the tragedy Hynek possessed himself both of his wife's money and the insurance.

## KEEPING OUT TRADE.

British Demand to Reduce Australian Port Rates.

A demand for the reduction of port charges and other terminal costs to which shipping arriving in Australia is subject, ranging up to 225 per cent, over pre-war standards, was made yesterday by the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom.

The United Kingdom duties rose to 166 per cent, above pre-war, but during the last twelve months they have been successively reduced to a figure only 14.3 per cent, above pre-war.

They will be further reviewed in three months' time in the hope that it may then be possible to restore the pre-war charge. Quarantine expenses in Australia are 200 per cent, above pre-war.

In addition to specific impositions of this kind, it is stated, general running costs in the Australian trade are still greatly in excess of those in other trades.

An example is given of bunker coal which in Australia costs 125 per cent, more than in 1913, compared with 83 per cent, more in the United Kingdom.

"At present shipping services to Australia are running at a loss," the statement concludes.

"The Australian Government Line itself has made a loss of £2,700,000 in the last two years, which has to be met out of the pockets of the Australian taxpayer."

"It is, therefore, nothing short of madness from the Australian point of view to maintain high charges which must increase the loss on their own vessels and put up all freights against them."

#### HINT TO CHEMISTS.

"I wish chemists could bring out a less dangerous solution for cleaning purposes," said the Kingston-on-Thames coroner yesterday, at an inquest on Mrs. Marian Cole, fifty-seven, who died after taking spirits of salts when suffering from depression caused by the recent thunderstorm.

It was a pity spirits of salts could be obtained so easily, added the coroner. Suicide while of unsound mind was the verdict.

No reprieve will be granted, says the Home Secretary, to Albert E. Burrows, who will be executed at Bagthorpe, Nottingham, to-morrow for the Glossop pit shaft murders.

## OFFICE BOY ROMANCE.

Lad Who Became Solicitor and Colliery Owner.

£66,000 ESTATE.

Rising from the position of office boy to solicitor and colliery owner, Sir Joseph Hewitt, of Ouslethwaite Hall, near Barnsley, Yorks, left estate of the value of £66,965, with net personalty £58,982.

The late Sir Joseph was connected with several local colliery enterprises, becoming one of the most prominent coalowners in South Yorkshire.

He was chairman of the Wharfedale Wood-moor Colliery Co., Ltd., and a director of the British Association of Glass Bottle Manufacturers, for some time adviser to the Coal Controller and a member of the Executive Council of the Mining Association of Great Britain.

The testator leaves the whole of the property to his wife for life, and then upon the same trusts and conditions as are declared in a settlement dated April 21, 1921, in favour of his children.

## U.S. DAY OF MOURNING.

Memorial Service to Mr. Harding in Westminster Abbey.

President Coolidge has issued a proclamation appointing Friday as a day of special mourning and prayer throughout the United States for the late President Harding, and on that day a memorial service will be held at twelve noon in Westminster Abbey.

How deeply President Harding felt his responsibility was told by Dr. N. Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, who addressed members of the City of London Vacation Course in Education yesterday.

He was, said Dr. Butler, standing beside Senator Harding, as he was then, while the voting for the election of the President proceeded. When it became clear that Mr. Harding would be elected he turned to Dr. Butler and said: "If the great responsibility should come to me I shall need all the help you can give me."

"His most dominating thought," added Dr. Butler, "was not one of pride or vanity, but of responsibility."

## £10,000 THEFT MYSTERY

Police Still Searching for Man Who Stole Wallet Containing Diamonds.

No arrest has yet been made in connection with the robbery of £10,000 worth of diamonds from a man who was conveying them to Mr. H. Weinstein, a Hatton Garden diamond merchant, last Friday morning.

It is presumed that the wallet containing the precious stones was abstracted from the loser's pocket while he was travelling in an omnibus between Oxford-circuit and Chancery-lane.

The loss was not discovered until after he had left the omnibus and was walking up Fetter-lane towards Hatton Garden.

Scotland Yard are actively pursuing inquiries.

## 10-DAY'S BROADCASTING

**MANCHESTER** (385 metres).—3.30, talk to children; 3.45, concert; 5.30, women's talk; 6.5, children's talk; 6.50, talk, Francis J. Stafford, "Hosiery Conversation"; 7, Oxford Picture House Orchestra; 7.15, talk, "Electric Cooking" (Charles Wreford); 7.20, news; 8.15, Emily Seddon (soprano); 8.25, Trio; 8.35, orchestra; 8.50, William Stansfield; 9, orchestra; 9.20, Emily Seddon; 9.50, William Stansfield; 10, orchestra; 10.25, news; 10.35, men's talk.

**LONDON** (369 metres).—11.30, Mr. Leonard Ashdown (baritone); 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's talk; 7, news; 7.15, talk, Hilbert A. James, on behalf of Charing Cross Hospital; 8, Irish Guards Band, John Henry's talk to women, Miss Ethel Ashwood (soprano); 9, talk, Sir John Russell, "What Science is Doing for Farming"; 9.15, Guards Band, John Henry on "Troubles"; 9.30, Miss Ashwood; 10, news, men's talk; 10.25, Guards Band.

**NEWCASTLE** (400 metres).—3.30, Mr. Sid Pugh's Quartette; 3.35, Miss Kathleen Hutton (soprano); 3.40, Mr. W. Jones (baritone); 3.45, talk, "Health and Summer" (Mr. Grant Ramsay); 3.55, Trio; 4, Miss Isabel Summers (contralto); 4.5, Mr. Sid Pugh (tenor); 4.10, Miss Hutton; 4.15, Mr. Jones; 4.20, Mrs. Summers; 4.25, quartette; 5, children's talk; 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's talk; 6.45, Boys' Life Brigade news; 6, Mr. W. A. Crose (pianoforte recital); 8.30, news; 8.40, Mr. J. Natraas (tenor); 8.45, talk, "Week's Music" (Percy A. Schell); 9.30, Mr. W. A. Bates (entertainer); 9.40, North Seaton Workmen's Brass Band; 9.55, Miss Ida Cowey (soprano); 10.5, Mr. W. W. A. Bates; 10.15, band; 10.30, news; 10.40, Mr. Natraas; 10.45, men's talk.

**CARDIFF** (353 metres).—3.30, Capitol Cinema Orchestra; 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's talk; 7, Mme. Vera McComb Thomas (pianoforte solo); 7.10, Mme. Herbert Ware (cello solo); 7.20, Mr. T. J. Jones (soprano); 7.30, Miss Marjorie Unett (recital); 7.40, Mme. Ware; 7.50, news; 8.30, Mme. Thomas; 8.40, Mr. T. J. Jones; 8.45, Mr. Everyman on "Ballads"; 9.15, Mme. Ware; 9.25, Mr. T. J. Jones; 9.30, "Mr. Everyman" on "Ballads"; 9.55, news.

**BIRMINGHAM** (420 metres).—3.30, Orchestral Trio; 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's talk; 7.30, Black Satin Dance Band; 8, news; 8.45, dance band; 9.15, "Book Talk" Rev. A. E. Forrest; 9.20, dance band; 10, men's talk; 10.10, dance band; 10.20, news.

**GLASGOW** (415 metres).—3.30, Wireless Trio; 5, women's talk; 5.30, children's talk; 6.15, news; 6.25, orchestra; 6.55, Miss Jean Whitehead (mezzo-soprano); 8.43, Glasgow Amateur Concertina Band; 9.1, Miss Whitehead; 9.10, orchestra; 9.20, Concertina Band; 9.40, Mr. T. J. Thom (elocutionist); 9.50, orchestra; 10, men's talk; 10.10, Concertina Band; 10.25, Mr. J. T. Thom; 10.35, orchestra; 10.45, news.



## THE SECRET of DRESSING WELL

"No woman who desires to maintain the reputation for being well-dressed can afford to be without a necklet of

# Ciro Pearls

This important statement was made recently by the fashion editress of "EVE."

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**Fry's** PURE BREAKFAST **Cocoa**

7½d. per quarter lb. tin





# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1923.

## HOLIDAY ACCIDENTS.

LET us be carefree on a holiday! Let us not fret about bills and income tax and rates! The way to get a change is just to plant all your worries where they are, and then to run away.

No doubt very sound advice—for those who can apply it. We only wish that the carefree—or careless—spirit were not carried into the more perilous amusements of the holiday-maker.

Probably, when a good many hundreds and thousands of eager people are "on the move" by sea and road and river and mountain, it isn't to be reasonably hoped that no accidents will happen. And a few of these accidents, as we remarked a little while ago, are of the romantic description that makes danger almost a pleasure, when it results in rescues of the fair by the brave.

But these, unfortunately, are not the only kind we have already to deplore, in this as in other holiday seasons.

People never "take warning." They carry the spirit of carelessness into all their adventures. They will plunge into untested rivers and off perilous coasts. They will hurtle at frantic speed round the corners of unknown roads. Thus holiday accidents have a tragic familiarity. They fall into groups of carelessness against which annually the public are warned by well-meant "don'ts" in the Press.

A Bank Holiday crop of fatalities will be of use, however, if it leads the remaining August adventurers to reflect. Were you preparing to lunch off tinned meats and then to plunge into the sea? If so—*don't!* A holiday is no time for suicide.

## EVERYMAN'S GAME.

THIS week's queues and crowds at the public golf course in Richmond Park show the Southerner what the Northerner has long realised—that golf has become Everyman's game: no longer the sport of a privileged few.

It follows surely that "something must be done" to meet the incessant demand.

The Richmond course, we are told, is so congested that patient players may wait for over an hour for their turn. And golfing enthusiasts appear to be patient—until they begin to play.

We shall get ever more popular and public courses. We have a vision of half the available space in the home counties laid out in links.

Thereupon, as usual, a faint murmur comes from the old-fashioned pedestrian about his "rights." The murmur grows very faint. Soon, as our cartoon to-day suggests, there will be no more pedestrians.

## POOR BISHOPS!

MR. H. G. WELLS has written a book about "The Soul of a Bishop": an interesting subject into which we have no qualifications for inquiring.

About the clothes of a Bishop we venture to have views, which are that they (the clothes) ought to be abolished.

We do not mean that Bishops should go about in primitive Polynesian fashion, but only that some thought should be given for them, or by them, to their eccentric "attire"—as the Archbishop of Canterbury has just dignified it with a noble name.

The Dean of St. Paul's, too, has a melancholy allusion to these strange episcopal garments in one of his essays. He evidently favours reform. And so does the Archbishop, who suffers more than a Dean. "Why," he asks, "has a Bishop strings to his hat? Why are his nether limbs clad in a way other people would repudiate?"

Why, indeed? And if the Primate doesn't know, who does? And if nobody knows, why doesn't someone take pity upon Bishops and relieve them of those strings and hats and gaiters? W. M.

# THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Your Ideal Holiday—Sea Bathing Hints—What New Dances?—Business and Rest.

## THE IDEAL HOLIDAY.

ONE of the best ways of getting really rested on a holiday is to possess one's permanent holiday home—that is, a quiet secluded cottage which belongs to one, and to which one can go year by year.

Here one will find everything prepared, and in consequence it will not be necessary to take a lot of luggage. One will also escape the infinite bother of making up one's mind about where to go, how to get there, and how to get rooms when one does get there.

Rye, Sussex;

COUNTRY COTTAGER.

## NO HOLIDAYS NEEDED?

I CANNOT agree with "Business." It is clear that he is not a clerk and is past middle-age. One rarely meets a young clerk who is

## NEW OR OLD DANCES?

AS the dancing season is over, it is time to ask what new dances we shall get in the autumn.

May I put in a plea for the revival of a few of the old ones? Let us have melodious music once again—music of the waltz, for instance—in place of these loud nerve-racking jazz discords!

A. M. FETHERSTONE.

Folkestone.

## LUGGAGE IN ADVANCE.

LUGGAGE in advance is a very good idea—if it works smoothly.

Unfortunately there are too many cases of luggage being delayed and lost when one is unable to keep an eye on it.

I sent my luggage in advance once—and got

## "LET'S GO FOR A WALKING TOUR."



Is there any chance for the mere pedestrian in these mechanical and sporting days? Does anybody still walk?

willing to forgo his holidays for love of his work.

I think every business man should take a long holiday at least once a year, to save him from getting into a physical as well as mental rut.

A CLERK.

## THE BUSINESS MAN'S REST.

SOME philosopher has written that the truest joy in life is to make one's work one's hobby.

I suppose your correspondent, the "Business Man," who doesn't want a holiday, is one of these. His work interests him so much that he doesn't care to leave it.

He must remember that few of us are in that position. The only people who feel this devotion to work are artists—under which head I include actors.

N. A.

Golders Green-road, N.W.

## "WINDOWS UP."

IT is highly amusing to read the correspondence in your columns under the above heading.

The question of railway windows being either up or down was finally settled years ago in a case that went to the Court of Appeal through an assault.

The Court then decided that any traveller in a railway carriage compartment could insist on one or both windows being closed if he or she so desired. No right whatever is attached to the traveller next to the window, and the judgment was given in view that the weakest individual in the compartment had the right to the first consideration.

H. M.

Deganwy, North Wales.

there ahead of it, without even a clothes brush to bless myself with, and I there and then vowed "Never again!"

The Chase, S.W.

W. W.

## BOLD BATHING.

WE were much amused by your cartoon on the man who went bathing because he thought that if it was warm out of the sea it must be warm in it.

That's what most people go into the sea for—to get cool.

One always feels cold if one stands about in the bathing machine or cubicle thinking about it. One should look forward to the dip, and when one is in the bathing costume, fling oneself in the sea, so to speak, not wade in so that the water gradually creeps up one's body, causing one to gasp.

We always feel tempted to go behind people who stand at the water's edge, pick them up and throw them in, just as a man would throw his dog in. But, then, we are perhaps a little too drastic in our methods of encouraging sea bathing!

Westgate.

TWO BOLD BATHERS.

## WOMEN IN "SMOKERS."

WHY will women ride in smoking carriages when there is plenty of room in non-smokers?

They must realise it is very annoying to any men who happen to be in the carriage, because a man does not like to smoke a pipe or cigarette with the knowledge that the clouds of tobacco smoke are going straight into a lady's face.

Clifton Gardens, W.

# CAUTIONS FOR HASTY TRAVELLERS.

## HOW THE LAW STANDS ABOUT LUGGAGE.

By A BARRISTER.

I WONDER how much luggage, big and small, has been lost over this strenuous August week-end! Perhaps not so much as might be expected. For the railway companies are used to the vagueness and forgetfulness of the average traveller.

There are people who believe in taking "everything" with them. There are others who believe in going without hand luggage.

I leave them to settle the rival merits of their plans between them.

Merely, I may remark that the first or hand-luggage plan does at least confer upon travellers—especially Continental travellers—the great boon of being able to "walk right out of the station," without waiting wearily for the big luggage to be recovered and sorted on each arrival, as well as weighed and questioned at each departure.

But what a burden this plan is apt to impose on the obliging men of the party!

Laden with "small" equipment, behold, they emerge from stations resembing holiday Father Christmases—if I may put it so. For women have a ready way of feeling suddenly faint or weak or senescent when it's a question of carrying "small" luggage. And, I may perhaps add, what a nuisance the devotees of that same "small" luggage are apt to make of themselves to their fellow-travellers in a railway carriage!

## THEIR OWN RISK.

Fortunately, the Continental railway racks are more comprehensive than ours. They are not built to "carry light articles only."

The simple faith with which a traveller deposits a suit case, a coat or a valuable umbrella in the corner of a railway carriage to "keep his seat" while he dashes off to look after the family luggage or to get a bite of lunch before the train starts is amazing. The risk is his.

It is quite true that the company is—with certain limitations—responsible for all luggage put in the van, but this rule does not apply to hand articles taken by the traveller into his carriage. As a general rule he takes the sole care of these and in the event of their being stolen or lost he has no redress of any kind.

A similar word of caution should be given to those who go into restaurant cars for lunch or dinner, leaving behind them in their carriages the various bags and coats which accompany their travels.

Of course, it is a nuisance to "cart" all one's possessions into the dining-car—on the other hand they remain there at the passenger's own risk. If some light-fingered gentleman does come along while dinner is in full swing, well, so much the worse for the diner—but the company will not have to bear the burden.

## IF YOU LOSE IT!

Another critical time in connection with luggage is, of course, the moment of arrival at a station.

If you get there just before the train goes, no difficulty arises save to get it into the train with all speed, but if there is a big gap between your arrival and the departure of the train the question does arise whether you should give it to a porter to look after or put it in the cloakroom.

The law on the subject is quite clear. If you give it to the porter a reasonable time before the train starts and it gets lost the company are liable, but if you entrust it to the porter for a longer time than that you bear your own loss.

It is not possible to say exactly what a "reasonable time" is. It depends so much on circumstances, and in the event of a fight, the jury would have to decide what was "reasonable." But it is very easy to see that "a reasonable time" at a big London terminus like King's Cross or Euston is a good deal more elastic than that at a small wayside station, where you are likely to be the only passenger.

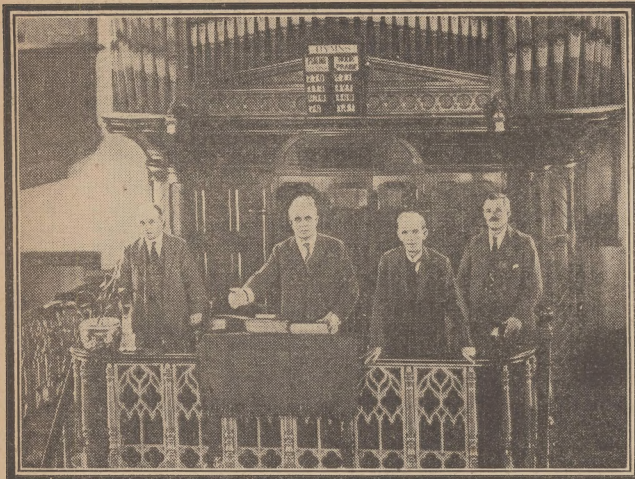
People in England are very happy-go-lucky about baggage, and often go years without loss, but there are, at this time in particular, a good many luggage thieves about, and it is just as well to take a little extra trouble.

Nothing could so well spoil a trip or a holiday as the loss of a trunk containing much that is useful and more that is ornamental! In these cases even a pretty heavy insurance is hardly a compensation.



## U.S. MINISTER AT HIS WELSH BIRTHPLACE

## ANCIENT CELEBRATION IN DEVONSHIRE



Hon. J. Davis, Labour Minister for U.S.A., second from left, addressing the congregation at Siloh Baptist Chapel during his visit to Tredegar, his Welsh birthplace.

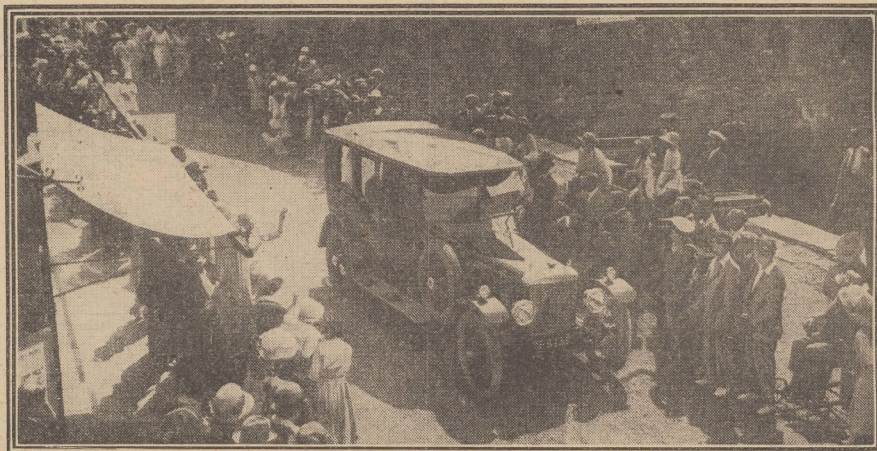


Mrs. Wyatt cutting the giant gooseberry pie at Calmpton, near Torquay. It contained 1cwt. of gooseberries. Every child in the parish was given a slice with Devonshire cream. This age-old custom is only carried out once in fifty years.



Mr. Davis knocking at the door of his birthplace.

For the first time since he left for America many years ago, the Hon. J. Davis, U.S.A. Minister of Labour, has just visited Tredegar, where he was born and worked as a pitboy.



The King and Queen driving through the streets of East Cowes. They received the heartiest of greetings from the inhabitants of the loyal little town and from regatta visitors during their informal progress.



**FOX'S NEW ROLE.**—Betty, a young vixen, taking part in a Punch and Judy show at Llandudno. It is not stated whether a special part has been invented for her. She is good friends with Toby.



The Queen, the Duke of Connaught (second from left) and Princess Victoria landing for a visit to Osborne House.

**ROYAL VISIT TO COWES.**—The King and Queen, with other royal visitors, have made frequent visits ashore during their stay at Cowes and have been delighted with their reception.—(Daily Mirror.)



**WHERE NURSE CAVELL WAS SHOT.**—Memorial to Nurse Cavell unveiled in the prison of St. Gilles, Brussels, where she was shot by the Germans. She forgave those who brought her to death more readily than history will do.





Miss Rhona Browne, of Liverpool, who is engaged to marry Lieutenant H. H. Bushby, M.C. (late Coldstream Guards) next month.



Miss Dorothy Helmrich, the well-known Australian mezzo-soprano, who will sing British songs at the Salzburg Festival.

## BRIGHT BANK HOLIDAY.

Popular Hosts at Cowes—Off to Canada—Mr. Bonar Law's Health.

It is not often that the weather thinks fit to favour Bank Holidays and the fullest advantage was taken yesterday of the warm sunshine and the cool and tempering breeze. The railway stations were full, the trains were full, the parks were full and even the wide countryside seemed full. It was, in fact, a very bright Bank Holiday, fully enjoyed.

### The Holiday Appetite.

One of the things I noticed about the crowds was their increasing passion for solid refreshment. I have always observed that people on holiday eat more than they do when they are working, but yesterday's gastronomic achievements by alfresco diners was phenomenal. I saw one small family of four with a hamper big enough to hold the two children. When they opened it it was full of food and I have not the slightest doubt that they emptied it before evening.

### Ex-Premier at Brighton.

I hear that Mr. Bonar Law, who has been staying at Brighton, is looking very sunburnt and fit. He has drastically cut down his smoking, and says he is feeling all the better in consequence. It is now established that the weakness of his voice is due to a functional disorder, which is troublesome but not dangerous. He is quite likely to be seen at Westminster again next session, though he will probably remain a "silent member" for some time to come.

### Glorious Weather at Cowes.

Cowes Regatta opened yesterday in glorious weather, and thousands of visitors thronged the green and the narrow streets of the town. Pleasure steamers crammed with holiday-makers anxious to catch a glimpse of royalty arrived hourly, and racing proceeded under ideal conditions. The shimmering waters of the Solent seemed full of craft, sailing and steam yachts, and one which was out exceptionally early was Lord Trenchard's Sea Fay.

### On the Royal Yacht.

The King, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince George, were sailing in the Britannia during the morning, and the Queen and Princess Victoria remained on the royal yacht until the afternoon, when a motor drive and an appointed call at Apsley Hall became due. Some beautiful frocks were worn by the visitors, among the most notable being Lady Crew's, whose white gown was adorned with a royal blue buckle. Miss Poppy Baring was wearing a rose coloured hat and a cream jumper skirt.

### The Greatest Gaiety.

Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring's hospitable Cowes residence, Nubia House, overlooking the Solent, will be, as usual, the scene of the greatest gaiety during this week. There is a house party which includes Lady Crew, a relative of both host and hostess, Lady Granby and her brother, Mr. Michael Tennant, and throughout Regatta Week friends will be constantly coming and going for tennis and tea with Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring's two charming girls, Poppy and Viola. Sometimes, too, Lady Baring arranges for dancing.



Sir Godfrey Baring.

### Hospitality.

The Barings rarely fail to receive their friends daily at Nubia House, and in so doing they are carrying on the hospitable traditions of Sir Godfrey's parents, the late General and Mrs. Charles Baring, a wonderfully handsome couple, who loved to entertain. Lady Baring is a delightful hostess, and she is the social life and soul of Cowes.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

### Poets and Their Poetry.

Mr. Laurence Housman, I hear, is to give a dramatic reading of selections from his "Little Plays of St. Francis" in the hall of Somerville College during the visit of Extension students to Oxford. And I learn with surprise that the Oxford America Club was recently favoured with a visit from the Poet Laureate, who recited to the members some of his own recent poems. This is the first time I have heard of the Poet Laureate writing anything for years.

### Pretty Debutante Engaged.

One of last year's prettiest debutantes is Miss Beatrice Beckett, who is to marry Sybil Lady Eden's younger son, Captain Robert Eden. Miss Beckett is the third of Sir Gertrude Beckett's four girls by his late wife, and step-daughter of Lady Marjorie Beckett, who is Lady Warwick's daughter. She has gone out a good deal with her cousin and step-sister, Lady Diana Duncombe, and the two girls were presented at the same Court last year. The future Mrs. Robert Eden is Lord Grimthorpe's cousin.

### Off to Canada.

Lord and Lady Strathford are off to Canada with their daughters, the Lady Elizabeth and Lady Mary Byng, to stay with the Governor-General of Canada and Lady Byng of Vimy. They will be away several weeks, intending to do a lot of travelling besides paying a visit to Lord Byng, who is, of course, Lord Strathford's uncle. Lady Strathford is a sister of Lord Colebrooke, and she will be better remembered as Lady Enfield.



Lady Byng of Vimy.

### Long Visit.

Having no family of their own, Lord and Lady Byng are very fond of their great-nieces, so Lord and Lady Strathford, when they return home are leaving their daughters behind for a further stay. The Governor-General and his wife like having these young people with them, and not long ago they went on a visit of some months to the Government House, Ottawa.

### "The Bachelor Daddy."

It is not often that the people who write captions for films attain the following standard of pithiness: "Tom lived through the night and part of another day, only to wonder how any parent ever reached the age of forty." The film is "The Bachelor Daddy," presented yesterday, and concerns a man who adopted the five motherless children of his dying friend, despite the fact that his own wedding day was but a week distant. One only sees such examples of selfishness on the screen.

### Unhappy Boatmen.

I observe from a suburban contemporary that the boatmen of the Thames are dissatisfied with business this year. They say that the public should either pay more for the privilege of using their boats or use them more often. If one may judge from the number of people who wait about the Thames side trying to hire craft at 5s. an hour it seems that it would be impossible for the public to use them more often. Moreover, I cannot see how it is possible for the public to pay any more. I can only advise the boatmen to build more boats.

### The Penicuik Jewels.

I hear that Dr. Walter Seton, F.S.A., has almost completed a monograph dealing with the Penicuik jewels of Mary Queen of Scots which were recently purchased in London and are now a national possession of Scotland.

### First He Would—

The statement that Mr. McKenna has refused the Chancellorship of the Exchequer reminds a correspondent that when Pitt was Premier he offered the same post to Charles Townshend and gave him twelve hours to decide. Townshend accepted the post and immediately asked leave to retract. Two days later he asked Pitt again for the post, and on Pitt's refusal started off to ask the King, but changed his mind on the way. Then he turned again to his original mind, and, with the aid of the Duke of Grafton, persuaded Pitt to renew his offer, and he was gazetted before he changed his mind again.

### The Saving Instinct.

"How to save money" should be one of the things taught in schools along with the three "R's" and the other subjects, for the instinct to save is strong in children, and they only want to be shown the right way to go about it. The Daily Mirror £25,000 Savings Certificate scheme will encourage them to save and will teach them a lesson which they will find valuable in after life.

### Their First Shilling.

Already thousands of youngsters have begun to collect the certificates which are printed each day on the back page. Their parents, too, are helping them, and it will not be long before hundreds of children will receive their first shilling for ninety-six coupons. The thrifter ones will wait till they have saved up 1,488, which entitles them to a National Savings Certificate. Do not forget that your collection must be addressed to 4-7, Lombard-lane.

### Not Impressed.

The news from America that a twenty-nine-story building—the tallest of its kind in the world—is in course of construction recalls the story of Lord Balfour's view of such edifices. On one occasion a proud American pointed out the Metropolitan Tower and explained that it was 800ft. high, and being constructed of fireproof material could not possibly be burned down. "What a pity!" was Lord Balfour's only comment.

### "I'm an 'Atter."

Secretaries at holiday golfing resorts have a harassing time at this season of the year. They are expected to fix up matches between all sorts of incongruous people. One of these officials recently introduced a man attired in immaculate "plus fours," and equipped with a bag, containing seventeen varieties of clubs, to a somewhat irascible colonel of the old type. "What are you," asked the colonel, thinking of the strokes he might give or receive. "Oh," said the immaculate one, "I'm an 'atter." There was no match.



Miss Sylvia Effie Twiss, of Kensington, whose engagement to Mr. George L. S. Lightfoot, of Carlisle, has been announced.



The Duchess of Buccleuch, who has left London and will entertain a series of house parties for the grouse shooting.

### Into the Wilds.

Literary folk are fleeing into the wilds for August—most of them more intent, it seems, on work than on play. Miss Clemence Dane is staying in Devonshire, not far from Uxminster and Mr. Ward Muir is off, with a just-begun novel, to Scotland.

### Post Office Humour.

I noticed the following bright notice in a large London post office the other day: "Yes, there is no Australian mail this week." When we find topical humour in a Government department it is not unreasonable to expect some sparkling things from other public notices and announcements.

### Something for Nothing.

The Rev. Vernon Bartlet has been expounding the evil of gambling which consists, according to him, in the attempt to get something for nothing. Most people, I fancy, will prefer the definition of the philosopher who wrote that "the chief harm of gambling is losing."

### Conscience Awakes.

The case of the conscience-stricken Irish raiders who have just returned a portion of the money they looted from an Irish bank reminds me of the story of the sportsman who stole a £5 note and, later, repented to some extent. "Dear sir," he wrote to its rightful owner, "I stole your money. Remorse gnaws my conscience, and I send you a sovereign. When remorse gnaws again I will send you some more."

THE RAMBLER.

No think I let these go by for two whole years

He thought all cigarettes were alike. He didn't dream that the cork-tip could make all that difference you just try them!

20 for 1/-

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED

Virginia Cigarettes

Made Specially to Prevent Sore Throats.



# SUNSHINE AND COOL BREEZES FOR ENGLAND'S GREAT HOLIDAY OF THE



Miss Stringer about to weigh in after winning the Ladies' Horse Race at Chertsey yesterday.



The navigation of the wherry does not seem to cause much anxiety. A lookout astern is apparently necessary.



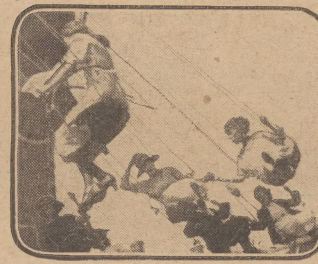
Very appropriate costume for swabbing down decks. Wherry girls making things shipshape in the morning.



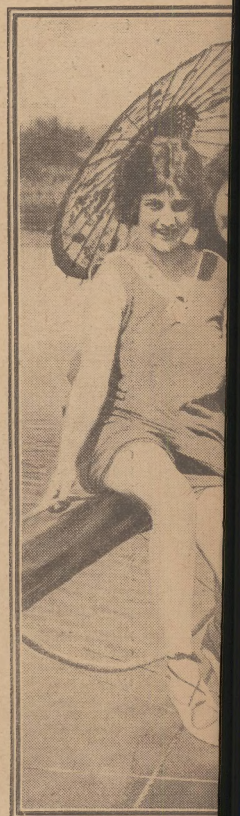
Miss Stringer winning at Chertsey on her horse Bo-Peep. She was second in a race with men riders.



The broad sands of merry Margate nearly covered by the great B.



Up above the world so high. On the flying swings at Hampstead Heath.



Belles on the bowsprit! It is into the rippling w.



Spending their holiday unencumbered by menfolk in a wherry on the Norfolk Broads, and teaching Polly a few nautical terms during a rest in the heat.



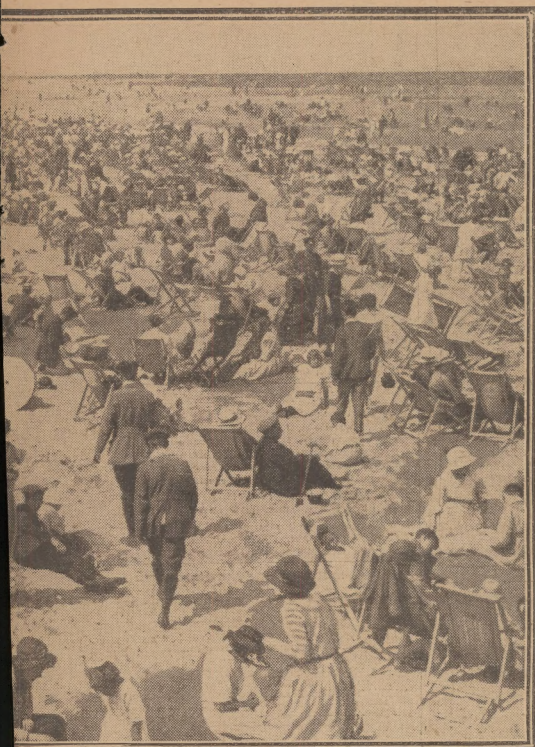
A Zoo elephant puts the pennies he collects into his keeper's pocket.



A shrimping girl, professionally dressed in trousers and waders coming in.



# THE YEAR—JOYOUS CROWDS ON BEACH, RIVER AND HAMPSTEAD HEATH



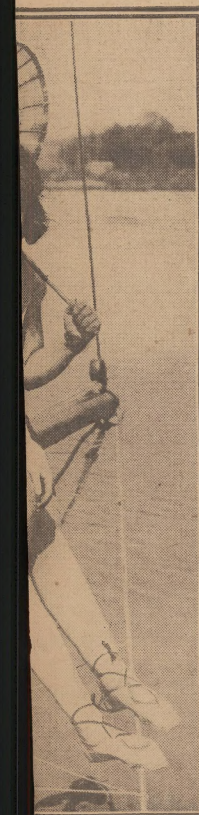
Holiday crowd. But there is plenty of breeze for all of them.



A crowd of children in one of the ponds at Hampstead begging pennies from the holiday crowd.



The inevitable strays of holidaytime were well looked after by the ever-ready gentleman in blue.



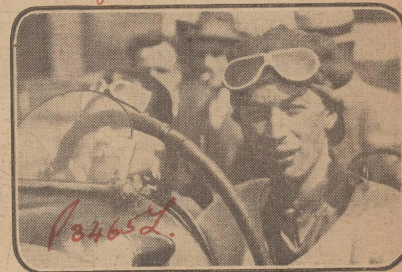
Secure perch, but a fall sight of the waves, baby needs encouragement.



A heat wave scene at Margate, where baby enjoys wet seaweed.



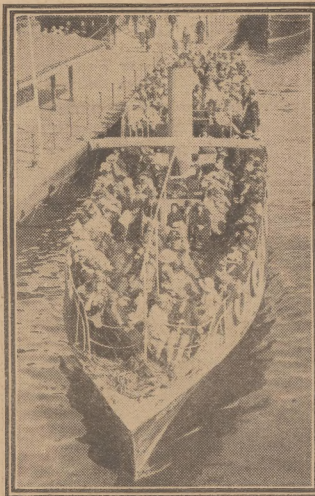
Some of the folk who could not leave town found compensation in water frolics at Chiswick baths.



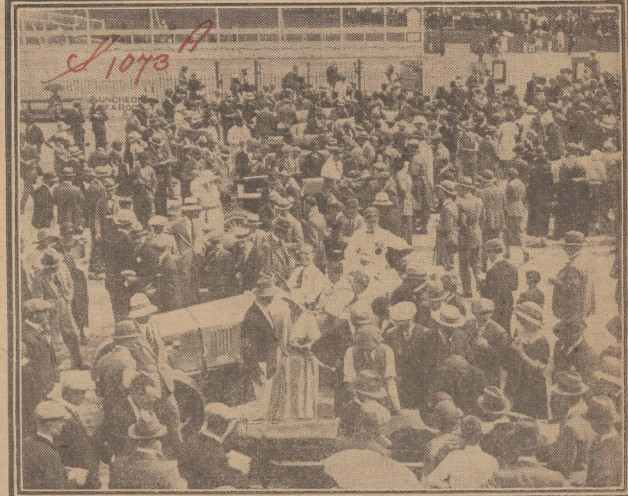
L. le Champion in his Isotta-Fraschini car, winner of the lightning short handicap at Brooklands yesterday.



Shy of the sea at her first sight of the waves, baby needs encouragement.



Not another will it hold. An up-river steamer leaving Westminster.



Motoring enthusiasts among racing machines at Brooklands yesterday after they lined up in the paddock before the second race.







# PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

## HOLIDAY FUN.

At Home.

### MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Would you like to hear how the various members of our little family circle spent their Bank Holiday? Pip, Squeak and Wilfred had a most strenuous time, of course—they met thousands of new friends at Yarmouth, Glaston and Lowestoft and had a splendid reception at each town. Our other friends enjoyed themselves as follows:—

Aunt Emma.—Spent a quiet day in the garden and cut the privet hedge. Taught Polly a new word—"Lully." (Wilfred will be furious, as this is his word!)

Angeline.—Went on the pier at the seaside and spent three shillings and fivepence on the penny-in-the-slot machine. Had her fortune told, and was informed she would have ten

thousand pounds left her by a mysterious friend, but she must beware of a dark foe.

Christopher.—Took a boat out on the river with Jinson and Norcott. Threw a sponge cake at Jinson and Norcott put his foot in the jam. (That is Christopher's idea of a good joke.)

Poopy (who has temporarily taken Angeline's place).—Went to Hampstead Heath and won a coconut. Wrote "Lucy of Hazelcoppice" in the afternoon.

Aunt Fanny.—Had a peaceful nap. Henry, the office boy.—Enjoyed himself at a fair. Had three ices and five bottles of ginger-beer, and then went on the swings and on the roundabouts. Didn't feel so well at tea-time.

Well, that is how my "family" spent the holiday. I hope you all enjoyed yourselves as much.

Your affectionate  
Uncle Dick.

## LUCY OF HAZELCOPPICE.

By POPPY.

[Poppy, the little "help" who is taking Angeline's place for a few weeks, has written this little story for us. It is her idea of what a good story should be.—U.D.D.]

"ONLY a kitchen maid!" Lucy, the little maid-of-all-work at Hazelcoppice Park, dropped a tear as she gave the bacon another

### PETS AT FELIXSTOWE SPA.

Pip, Squeak and Wilfred will appear in the Pavilion Grounds at FELIXSTOWE SPA about 10.0 this morning and on the Front at CLACTON soon after 2.30 p.m. Tomorrow they will be at Southend.

turn in the pan. "How I wish," she went on, clasping her hands, "now I wish I was a real lady, with a diamond tiara and a pearl necklace! Oh, wouldn't it be lovely!"

Just at that moment the door was dashed open, and Sir Percy Vere de Vere, the lord of Hazelcoppice Park, strode in, tapping his riding boot with a hunting-crop. He was a tall man with red hair, a drooping black moustache and protruding teeth. "Hal the bacon is burning, careless girl!" he hissed. "And I have been hunting, and am hungry. I shall dismiss you!"

Lucy shrank back. "Oh, don't send me out into the cold world!" she cried.

Sir Percy smashed his teeth. "Don't bandy words with me!" he commanded, pointing to the door with his hunting-crop. "Go, and do not darken these doors again."

Lucy bowed her head and began to pack her things in a vase.

But, hark! What is this manly figure striding up the park drive? It is Harry Darling, the young lawyer from the village!

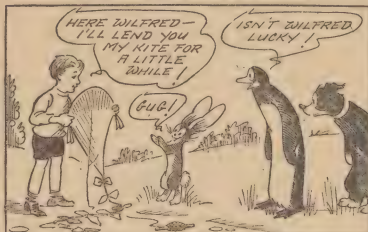
Leaping into the room, he threw a bundle of parchment on the kitchen table. "Sir Percy!" he cried, "you are not the rightful lord of Hazelcoppice Park. These papers prove that the park belongs to your cousin, Lady Lucy Vere de Vere, who has been a kitchen maid in her own kitchen! Base wretch, what have you to say?"

Sir Percy staggered back. "Foiled!" he muttered, gnawing his moustache; then, with one bound, he sprang through the open window and was never seen again. (There was a deep well just underneath.)

Little Lucy, once the poor maid-of-all-work, is now the proud owner of Hazelcoppice Park; but she is not called Lady Lucy Vere de Vere. She is now known as Mrs. Darling.

Why should turtles be pitted?—Because theirs is a hard "case."  
Which is the oldest tree?—The elder-tree.  
Which is the ugliest tree?—The plane tree.

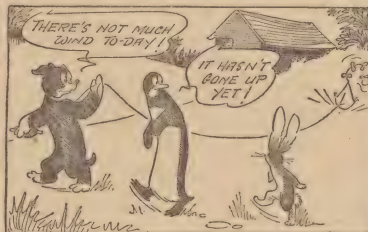
## WILFRED AND THE KITE: A TRAGI-COMEDY.



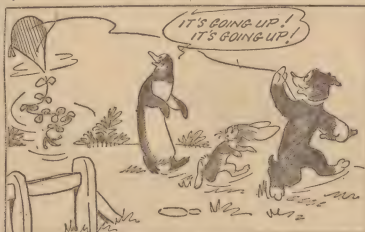
1. The pets had met a little boy on the cliffs who kindly lent Wilfred his kite.



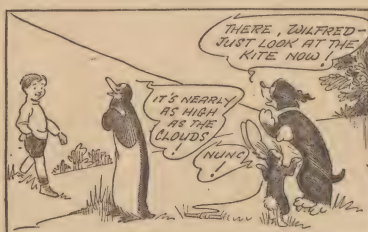
2. "Don't touch it, Wilf," said Pip. "I'll teach you how to fly it. Now watch!"



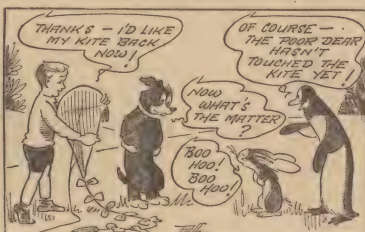
3. At first the kite would not rise. The little rabbit looked glumly at it.



4. At last, however, Pip managed to fly it—and a smile appeared on Wilfred's little face.



5. Presently he began to nudge Pip, but the dog did not seem to notice him.



6. When they returned the kite, Wilfred burst into tears. He hadn't had any fun at all!

# don't forget

## FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

loosens dirt in half-an-hour and cleanses without rubbing

Protect Your PETS and POULTRY FROM ALL INSECTS by dusting them occasionally—and also their beds or nests—WITH SHERLEY'S INSECT POWDER

Harmless and non-irritant to Birds and Animals, however young.

IN LARGE PERFORATED TINS:—  
9d. & 1/3

From leading Stores, Chemists & Corn Merchants  
A. F. SHERLEY & CO. LTD.  
13, Marshalsea Rd. S.E.1.



Cheer up the Cold Joint with a little

# H.P. Sauce

Of Grocers everywhere.

# BOURNVILLE COCOA

1 1/2 PER HALF POUND  
4 1b-7 1/2 1 1b-2 1/4

## HOW TO MAKE DELICIOUS DRINKING CHOCOLATE WITH BOURNVILLE COCOA

For a large cup put into a saucepan a level dessert-spoonful of Cocoa and an equal amount of sugar (or more to taste) with half a cup of water. When BOILING add half a cup of cold milk. BOIL again for one minute. Whisk, and serve hot.

See the name "CABDURY" on every piece of Chocolate.

## Hooker's

The Malted Milk with the Nicest Flavour

A splendid holiday beverage is HOOKER'S—just the delicious drink you need after a sea bathe, sea trip or motor drive. Between meals, too, and last thing at night.

Then, HOOKER & Gilbey, Ltd.

Buckingham.



# YOU CAN BEGIN THIS GRAND NEW HOLIDAY SERIAL TO-DAY

## TIDES OF FATE

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER.



### NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

**NANCY SHERIDAN**, employed as typist to a shady solicitor, Samuel Prudd, of Fleet-street, is distressed because she has received no dismissal and is threatened with penury. A cheery, individual "blows in," by whom Nancy has been sending dunning letters on behalf of Samuel Prudd, for a tailor's bill.

Payne Whitfield.

name Payne Whitfield, who Nancy has been sending dunning letters on behalf of Samuel Prudd, for a tailor's bill. He explains, while discharging the bill, that he is the son of a wealthy man who disbelieves in his commercial capabilities, and has offered him one hundred pounds with which to go round the world and "make good." He fails to add that it is also a test as to whether he is worthy of the hand of Lady Clara Mostell.

Samuel Prudd's dismissal of Nancy, however, is only a ruse to get her in his power. He has lately made the will of old Claudius Rockmore, an eccentric gentleman who, living in the same house as Nancy, has made her the sole legatee of his vast fortune—a fortune which includes the possession of an island containing a rich pearl bank, and is ignorant of this great inheritance, as she is ignorant of Samuel Prudd's scheme to marry her to an unscrupulous Scandinavian aristocrat, Count Wilmar Grönte. Half of Nancy's fortune goes to her husband when she marries, and Prudd's idea is to share in the plunder.

Accordingly, Nancy is told that an opportunity exists for her to act as secretary-companion to Count Grönte's mother on a long voyage, and the girl is elated when she learns that Prudd's influence may get her the post which she gets home that night old Mr. Rockmore falls dangerously ill.

### AN EARLY CALLER.

**OLD** Mr. Rockmore was dead. Death had been a recurrent tragedy in Nancy Sheridan's experience. First her only and greatly beloved brother had fallen in the war, and that was a grief from which neither of her parents had recovered. True, they both lingered for a while, but more accurately they should be described as a gradual slipping away. During the year Nancy had lived at the Allens', she had come to love Mr. Rockmore, dearly. Some of her happiest memories were concerned with a grandfather who, as she recalled him, was very much like the gentle, white-bearded old man. There had been no noting pretended in her affection for Claudius Rockmore, and now that he was dead she felt peculiarly desolate.

Bad luck seemed to have marked her down. Losing a job is bad enough, but losing a friend is worse.

The February dawn broke cold and dank. Also, it broke late. Long before daylight, the cars began to clatter into Covent Garden, with every driver apparently in a bad-tempered mood and determined to vent his grievances at the top of his lungs.

Ordinarily, Nancy slept through the pean of assorted sounds which always started about four o'clock, but this morning it seemed to her strange that even Mr. Rockmore could sleep through it.

She tossed restlessly. He was dead, her dear old friend. She had lost her job, or was going to lose it. How could one depend upon the assurances of a Mr. Prudd? Naturally of a cheerful disposition, she had hardly spoken her with every kind hope and benediction. He would even answer advertisements on her behalf—or pretend to answer them. . . . How much money was there left? In the dark Nancy made a mental calculation, pressing her hands to her ears to shut out the din of the market. Something like twelve shillings in her purse with thirty to come from Mr. Prudd on Friday; and seven-pounds-something in the Post Office savings.

How pitifully she had lived, and must continue to live! Always on the borderland of want. Some day, perhaps—She shivered and drew the bedclothes about her, feeling the need of warmth and protection.

Suddenly she remembered that to-day was her birthday, the 14th of February, and she was twenty-one. Tears trickled down her cheeks; some for Mr. Rockmore, and some—it must be confessed—for the money she had lost.

At an hour when most people are thinking about getting up, the noise in the market began to subside. Thus it was that a tap at the door roused Nancy from the light slumber into which she had fallen again.

"Eight o'clock?" she exclaimed, sitting up with a start.

"Nearly half-past," replied Mrs. Allen. "I've lighted the geyser. If you make 'aste you can get in safe Mr. Lurton, but leave the geyser on and turn the bath-nat so's he won't suspect. His fussiness makes me wonder why I put up with him. I'll never get used to gentlemen with West End 'abits and nothing much else. Convinced, if you please, because there was a death in the house last night! I asked him straight what he thought he'd do when it came his own time. Hark, there's the door-bell! Now, hurry alone, Miss Nancy. Breakfast will be waiting when you come down."

Nancy hurried; she remembered what Samuel Prudd had said about wearing her Sunday frock to the office to-day, and she put it on more because she possessed a naturally obedient disposition to those in authority over her than in the hope of there being any reply from the Countess X., who wanted a companion-secretary for her foreign travels.

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

It was a simple enough dress—just a coat-frock of dark blue serge with a touch of red embroidery, and Nancy had made it herself—but she looked very sweet and trim as she descended to the kitchen parlour for breakfast. Mrs. Allen was in the scullery, where the actual cooking operations took place, and for a second Nancy thought the room was unoccupied. Then something stirred in the wing chair which faced towards the glowing range and her heart skipped a beat. Mr. Rockmore's chair—but poor Mr. Rockmore was upstairs lying cold and still under a sheet.

There arose the short, goome-like figure of Samuel Prudd.

Her heart resumed its beating at a quicker pace. Mr. Prudd here, at nine o'clock in the morning! Eleven at the office was early for him.

There was a distinct air of nervousness in his greeting of her. "So the old gent's gone," he said solemnly. He shook Nancy's hand in a deferential manner which puzzled her. Why should he shake hands with her at all?

"Name with good news," he said lugubriously, "and I'll find bad. That's the way of the world, ain't it?"

At this point Mrs. Allen entered with the inevitable bacon and eggs. She threw a sour look at Mr. Prudd, which he seemed to dodge. Something had happened between them before Nancy's arrival.

Drawing Nancy aside, he spoke in a hurried undertone.

"Business can't wait on—er—hereabouts. Not always it can't, Miss Sheridan. I take it I'm doing you a favour, but if it's otherwise, why you just say so, that's all. Here's that answer from the Countess, I was sure we'd get. She's the Countess Grönte, a Scandinavian lady by marriage, a widow. Funny thing, I happen to know her. Did some legal business over a castle of theirs that's all out of the family, and they're meaning to buy back if the other parties will sell. Well, here's her letter."

Mr. Prudd interrupted himself to fish for the letter, rolling a defensive eye at Mrs. Allen, who had set the platter on the range to keep hot, and was now frankly listening to all he was saying to Nancy.

"If I was you," the solicitor continued hastily, "I'd call on her ladyship at once—as soon as I'd had my breakfast, that is. You can see she's in a hurry. Mightn't wait if you leave it too long. That's why I took the liberty of intruding myself on your ladyship. No offence, I hope?"

"Indeed not!" Nancy exclaimed warmly. "You certainly have been kind to my hands to let me see Mr. Prudd, and I scarcely know how to thank you."

He looked old and tired in the grey light, and thinking of him taking so much trouble on her behalf, Nancy felt overwhelmed with remorse, remembering the many times his questionable business dealings had filled her with contempt. "Well, that's all over now," he said, handing her the letter with you. Drop around at the office when you've seen her ladyship and let me know how things went. S'long, then—and good-morning to you, madam."

"Good morning," Mrs. Allen returned icily.

### THE OTHER GIRL.

**NANCY** sat down at the table in a sort of dream, scarcely noticing the heaped-up plate which her landlady set before her.

The girl's mind harked back to yesterday afternoon when she had been crying because Mr. Prudd couldn't afford to keep her any longer, and then Payne Whitfield had come to pay his tailor's bill, and told her he was going around the world.

How excited he had been, that young man with the adventurous eyes, and how Nancy had envied him. Yes, he might be a son of old Mr. Rockmore's friend, for certainly a possibility of Spanish blood lay in the turbulent, eager features of his friendly face. Should she ever see him again, Nancy wondered?

But here, crisply in her hand, lay the promise of an adventure of her own.

To begin with, the notepaper itself exuded a refinement of elegance in its old-fashioned thickness and scent of sandal-wood, with a tiny coronet and heraldic device at the top. The address was in Clarges-street, suggesting to the girl's imaginative mind a pageant of Mayfair,

wherein dashing men who wore top hats and flowers in their buttonholes strolled in and out of their magnificent clubs, and languorous great ladies moved in limousines from one social festivity to another.

And this particular great lady had written to humble Mr. Prudd with her own fair hand, a delicate, old-fashioned hand, inditing thin slanting lines; she had written to her "old friend, Mr. Prudd," reminding him of their amiable business relations, and saying how delighted she was that he could personally recommend a young person for the appointment she wished to confer.

Pink spots burned in Nancy Sheridan's cheeks as she read the letter, and drab London faded away for the moment.

Salary two-pounds-ten a week, for the secretary, and "all found"; a yachting cruise in warm seas, during which the Countess Grönte hoped to do a little literary work. A publisher had asked her to write her reminiscences, and she felt that in the interests of posterity she ought to do it. But they really must start on Saturday, and unless Miss Sheridan could be ready by that time, the Countess Grönte would be obliged to find someone else. In any case, Miss Sheridan would please call upon the Countess, and they could discuss the matter.

Your breakfast will be cold," said Mrs. Allen.

Nancy flew into voluble explanations, giving her landlady the letter to read while she attacked the congealing bacon. She was too excited to eat very much.

"Well, I don't know," commented Mrs. Allen. "Looks all right, sounds all right. We shall hate to lose you, my dear. If'n! That Mr.



That girl, that very beautiful girl, looking so sleek and well-groomed in her riding clothes, sitting with insolent grace above the humble pedestrian world—who was she? But the real question at the back of Nancy's mind ran: What was she to Payne Whitfield?

Prudd of yours is an inquisitive party. What do you imagine he asked me?"

"I thought he'd offended you in some way," faltered Nancy. She was not in a mood at this moment to find fault with Mr. Prudd. A bit of cutting, offending, really got my back up now. What affair is it of his where Mr. Rockmore's business papers are kept?"

"Did Mr. Prudd ask you that?" "He did, indeed. Even went so far as to say that Mr. Rockmore had told him to take charge of them in the event of what has happened. I know better. Whatever the poor old gentleman's left—and I don't suppose it's much—is in a safe deposit box in Chancery-lane, and Mr. Rockmore told me himself to turn over to the Public Trustee after he was comfortably in his grave, not before. He gave me the key of the box and the money that would be needed to bury him two months ago, when the doctor warned him he hadn't much longer here. I'm not likely to go back on Mr. Rockmore's own instructions, am I?"

"Of course not," Nancy agreed. "But, you see, Mr. Prudd drew up the will, and he's always so anxious for business that sometimes he oversteps himself. Don't hold it against him, Mrs. Allen. You can't think how kind he's been to me. I'd better be off now. Will you tell Mr. Allen he's to make a wreath of white lilies for Mr. Rockmore on my behalf?"

"Expensive, my dear, even at wholesale, which, of course, Allen will let you have it," commented Mrs. Allen.

"I know, but—well, I'd like to do it."

Tears stood in Nancy's eyes. How interested Mr. Rockmore would have been in her adventure—yet it would have saddened him, too. He had come to depend upon her for his little pleasures—these slow Sunday rambles through the deserted City streets, when he had instructed her upon the London of Dickens and they had made strange and interesting discoveries in the labyrinthine of the Temple; their evenings when Nancy had read aloud to him or let him bend her to his dreams.

Yes, he would have missed her—that lonely old man who once had told her that, as far as he knew, he possessed no living relative in the whole wide world. That discovery of relatives had been a strong bond between old Claudius Rockmore and young Nancy Sheridan. They had often played that he was her grandfather.

It was not raining this morning, and as Nancy made her way towards Mayfair and Clarges-street the sun gleamed mistily through the winter's haze, and a mild freshness in the air hinted at spring.

"My birthday—St. Valentine's Day," thought Nancy. "Perhaps I can go in to have some good luck. Who knows?"

Only ten o'clock. Was it too early to call upon a countess?

She let the omnibus take her to Hyde Park Corner, and then crossed over to a light for a few moments to watch the riders in the Row, dallying fearfully with the question as to whether she would or would not suit the Countess Grönte, gathering her courage for the fatal interview. In another half-hour she would know the best or the worst; in another hour she would be treading on air or sunk in the depths of cruel disappointment. Small wonder that she needed this brief moment of solitude in which to prepare herself.

In groups or singly the riders entered up to the turn, then wheeled back again.

A young man and woman who were walking their horses passed close to Nancy, and the man suddenly smiled and gave a little nod to her. He hadn't waited for her to bow first. His companion turned briefly and looked at her. They were Payne Whitfield and Lady Clara Mostell, although Nancy did not know the identity of the slim, dark beauty with the chestnut hair.

As her eyes followed them she felt slightly chilled and depressed.

Was Mr. Whitfield really starting round the world to-day? Or had he merely told her of his amusing fairy tale? She had thought of him a lot since yesterday, subconsciously sharing a sense of adventure with him. He had brought dash and colour into Tavern Court; for Nancy, Mr. Prudd's office was by its means the drab place it seemed to her, and that she provided in her fresh and golden fairness all the colour it required.

She sighed, made a resolute clutch at her fountain, and steeved out for Clarges-street and the Countess Grönte.

That girl, that very beautiful girl, looking so sleek and well-groomed in her riding clothes, sitting with insolent grace above the humble pedestrian world—who was she?

But the real question at the back of Nancy's mind ran: What was she to Payne Whitfield?

### A STROKE OF FORTUNE.

**THE** address of the Gröntes turned out to be a handsome block of flats.

Nancy was much impressed by the entrance and the porter. The latter, however, in spite of his splendid uniform and importance as custodian of such magnificence, was kind to Nancy. Most people were.

"Shure," he said, his accent genially Irish. "They do be livin' here, and if you're the young leddy that's expected, I'm to take you up. Otherwise, visitors not agreeable. Is the name 'Sheridan,' miss?"

Nancy nodded proudly. So she was expected! Perhaps she shouldn't have lingered, keeping the Countess Grönte waiting while she debated the issues at stake. She had been temperamental! Nancy had rejected that word from her vocabulary, substituting for it the more logical sounding one of "self-indulgence." But now it returned to smite her youthful amnesia. Temperamental—that was what she had been.

A parlourmaid inclined to middle-aged taciturnity answered the generous plea induced by the porter's thumb. Nancy herself would never have dreamed of ringing the bell so importantly, and she was not surprised that the parlourmaid took it amiss.

"I'll see," said the affronted woman. "Miss Sheridan? Yes, I think her ladyship is expecting you."

A young girl crossed the hall at that moment, a tall-looking girl of about Nancy's age and height, and also fair. She threw a pouting glance at Nancy, then disappeared through a doorway.

Simultaneously a young man appeared. He needs no special description beyond the fact that his elegance this morning consisted of a purple and gold robe flung over a toilet which was quite complete, even to stock and tie, except for a coat.

"Oh, how d'ye do? You are Miss Sheridan? I believe my mother is waiting for you," he drawled.

So keen and penetrating was this young man's gaze—as though he were taking an intimate inventory—that Nancy became too flurried to wonder at the fact that at every touch and turn the Countess Grönte had paved the way for her entrance in a most flattering fashion.

(Continued on page 13.)



## HOLEPROOF SILK LADIES' HOSE.

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We guarantee these Holeproof Hose to wear without holes or ladders for two months. If holes or ladders appear we will replace with new Hose free. A written Guarantee is given to purchasers of three or more pairs of these Holeproof Hose. Any quantity under three pairs sold at 10 per cent. discount.



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Largest Stock in London of Ladies' Holeproof Silk, Cinnamon, Taupe, Lisle and Sports Hose in all shades at Reduced Prices

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### From the Parents' point of view

—Every reason for satisfaction is found in Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder. The pleasant flavour of this famous dentifrice makes it easy to get children to begin taking proper care of their teeth.

—And as they get older they, like others, will appreciate the full value of that thorough antiseptic cleansing which it provides.

## Calvert's CARBOLIC Tooth Powder

Your Chemist sells it. 6d., 1/- & 1/6 tins. Made by F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester.

# LADIES' MIRROR

## SHOE BELLS AND BLACK BATHING CAPS.

THE revival of navy blue as a fashionable toilette is eagerly sponsored by the holiday girl. She appreciates the charm of a navy and white silk foulard set off by white buckskin footwear and a dainty white cloche hat. She knows, too, that this particular frock won't fail her at the very end of the holidays when the almond green and the cinnamons begin to look mutinous.

**BLUE MOIRE.** For afternoon tea in the hotel there is nothing smarter than a frock of navy blue moire, with narrow white cuffs on the very short sleeves and a round collar that ties with a narrow bow at the back.

**LARGE SASHES.** For evening dancing shell slip into a larkspur blue (are we not all Blues-mad in the ballroom?) made without sleeves, and on one hip or right at the back a sash of many bows.

**NICE MATERIAL.** Moire is such a nice material to wear. It bunches deliciously and drapes itself decorously. You feel sure of yourself in moire—you know when you rise from the low-cushioned settee to pour out tea there'll be no irritating creases at the back nor need you fear the purring voice of the friend who invariably reproves, "Didn't you forget your petticoat, dearest?" every time you wear your voile frock and stand with your back to the light.

**RAGGED ROBIN FROCKS.** Beach frocks of zephyr with the stripes going round are much worn.

Seaside girls adore the handkerchief fashion (so handy for concealing a sunburned neck), so the holiday girl this year wears: one of blue and white cambric round her neck, and round her head, with a bit over for the beach bag into which she stores the tiny eau-de-Cologne bottle, the extra hanky, her book, (the chocolate she'll nibble while she reads and the sixpence for her chair. For walking and golf she has one of those woollen wrap-over Ragged Robin frocks, when the edge of the material is calmly unravelled four inches or so.

**FOLLY SHOES.** There are just two little fashionable conceits which the holiday girl is permitting herself. The craze for an all-black bathing cap is one which completes her black swimming suit, with its relieving touches of scarlet, and the other is the notion of sewing tiny silver bells on the toe or instep of her black satin dancing sandal. Rather appealing, I think, these little Folly shoes. The newest silk stockings, of course, have silver clocks embroidered up the sides, and the fashion for silver is even more apparent by the present craze for wearing bracelets of tiny silver rosebuds high up the arm.

You can evolve a lovely, graceful frock out of last year's Spanish shawl of crepe de Chine.



A smart tennis costume with coloured crêpe de Chine coat by Zvyot et Cie. A coloured silk handkerchief hangs gracefully from the coat fastening and there are cuffs to match.

## TIDES OF FATE (Continued from Page 12.)

"Mamma, here is Miss Sheridan." The elegant young man, with the round brown eyes of a baby owl, threw open a door without waiting for the parlourmaid's pretentious investigations.

His appraising glance travelled lightly down the fine, straight line of Nancy's back and came to rest at her trim heels, as she entered the tiny apartment which is better described as a salon than a drawing-room. The architects of modern flat-buildings have so little sense of humour.

Here the odour of sandal-wood was very strong. It was a yellow satin room, crowded with semi-valuable objects of art and much upholstery. On a cushiony divan sat the lady who had written to Mr. Prudd.

She was thin and oddish, with faintly rouged cheeks and a frizzy front of faded brown hair, and she was clad in an expensive-looking but slightly soiled lace tea-gown. Many rings glittered on her ageing hands. Her face was long and narrow, as though it had been squeezed together, and her glance also swept over Nancy with an appraising effect. Her lips were thin, pinched-looking, and summoned up a smile reluctantly.

"Sit down, please, Wilmar, my love, a chair for Miss Sheridan. This is my son, Count Wilmar Gronte. Wilmar, my love, a footstool for Miss Sheridan."

The young man obeyed his mother's orders with polite alacrity, and clicked his heels together as he bowed to Nancy. She felt embarrassed by all the attention it seemed necessary to give her.

"Now you may leave us, Wilmar." The Countess Gronte waved a bejewelled hand with a gesture which royalty might have envied. Certainly a cinema queen could have done no better.

Wilmar left them, clicking his heels and bowing again at the door before he departed.

The Countess sighed.

"Ah, such a dear, good boy, my son! So devoted. It will be a sad day for me when I lose him, but some girl will be very lucky. He-he! Why should I grumble? I have had my good things. So you would like to come with me, Miss Sheridan? Mr. Prudd has recommended you highly, and I am sure you can do whatever I may require. Mainly I want you to look pretty and be amiable. I hate disagreeable faces around me. Have you some nice clothes?"

Nancy flushed uncomfortably.

"I'm afraid—not many," she said.

"Evening dresses—a few are really necessary. We shall perhaps entertain and be entertained. The yacht doesn't belong to me. We are not quite so affluent as all that. A dear friend has lent it to me, and it is very charming—quite roomy and luxurious. It belongs to Lord Love-

lace. No doubt you've heard of him. Now, if you will excuse me a moment—"

The great lady trailed her laces to a writing table, where the measured scratch of a pen sounded and something was torn off. When she came back she held out a cheque to Nancy.

"This is just a little present. You must buy yourself some pretty clothes. No, don't thank me, please. Just a little present, you understand. Saturday, then? You won't fail me? There is a typewriter on the yacht, and nothing for you to worry about but getting your own things together. I can count on you, can't I? You will come here at ten o'clock on Saturday morning with your luggage. That is understood—"

"Yes!" her voice tremulous with excitement, managed to convey her assurance that for nothing on earth would she disappoint the Countess Gronte.

A cheque for a hundred pounds was in her purse. Fancy having all that money to spend on clothes! Indeed, she had been ordered so to spend it.

"And it's my birthday," she thought, as she stepped out into the street again.

A sense of melancholy, like a small cloud, drifted across the shining face of her happiness. Her old friend was dead, and she was going away from the Allees.

It would be wonderful, of course; the whole thing was wonderful. She hoped she would like the Countess Gronte, but it was much more important that the countess should like her. As for the young man with the eyes of a baby owl—Nancy wasn't sure that he was coming with them. His mother hadn't actually said so, yet it had been implied.

He was so devoted to his mother. In spite of his foreign manners, no doubt he was quite a pleasant young man.

Another fine instalment to-morrow.

## RIOT IN DUBLIN.

Larkin Sympathisers Hold Up T.U.C. and Try to Seize Mansion House.

There was a violent demonstration yesterday outside Dublin Mansion House, where a crowd tried to prevent delegates entering the Trades Union Congress and attempted to seize the building, shouting: "Release the prisoners! Up Larkin!"

As the delegates arrived they were booed at and mobbed. One was so badly hurt that he had to be taken to a chemist's shop to have his injuries dressed. Police were powerless to stop the crowd.

A cross erected to the memory of Michael Collins at the scene of his death near Macroom (Co. Cork) has been torn from the sockets

## BEDROOM TRAGEDY.

Man Charged with Murder of His Aunt.

### CONSTABLE'S GRIM FIND.

A dramatic story was told at Tower Bridge yesterday, when Frederick Jesse, aged twenty-six, again appeared charged with the murder of his aunt, Mabel Jennings Edmunds, aged fifty, a lodging-house keeper, in York-road, Lambeth. The case was adjourned until Saturday.

Mr. Wallace, for the Director of Public Prosecutions, said Jesse had been residing with his aunt since January of this year in York-road. On Saturday, July 21, one of the lodgers heard the aunt quarrelling with somebody.

The lodger later asked Jesse where his aunt was and, said counsel, Jesse replied that she had gone away to Sharness. On Saturday, July 28, the lodgers went to the police.

A police constable went to the house and forced open the door of a room on the second floor, and saw two legs, which apparently had been severed from the body. The body was lying on the bed.

Counsel said the police surgeon stated that death was due to asphyxia accelerated by a handkerchief which had been placed in the mouth. At the police station, said counsel, Jesse made a statement in which he said:—

"It is a horrible thing to say. I killed my aunt on July 21. She had been nagging me all day. She struck me on the face with something I thought was a knife. . . . I closed with her and pushed her back."

I struggled with her and the next thing I realised was that she was lying on the bed dead with my hands round her throat.

Jesse, it was alleged, further described how he tried to dispose of the body, and added: "Had I been able to dispose of it I should have committed suicide."

John Cripps, a French polisher, of Dalston, said that on July 21 he saw Jesse, who had a black eye. Prisoner told him he had had a quarrel with his aunt, and she had struck him in the eye.

## PRINCE IN HOSPITAL.

Injured Ankle Making Good Progress—Surgeon's Tribute to Patient.

Prince Henry, the King's third son, who fractured his ankle while putting a restive troop horse to the jump at Aldershot, was yesterday practically free from pain.

"His cheery disposition and splendid physical condition is a better tonic than any medicine," said a Cambridge Hospital surgeon.











£25,000

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See Page 2.

THE DAILY MIRROR, Tuesday, August 7, 1923.

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New Serial,

"Tides of Fate,"

On P. 12  
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PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED'S BANK HOLIDAY AT YARMOUTH, GORLESTON AND LOWESTOFT



The huge Bank Holiday crowd which yesterday welcomed Pip, Squeak and Wilfred to the broad sands of Great Yarmouth. The pets had a great day.



Grateful shelter from the hot sun.



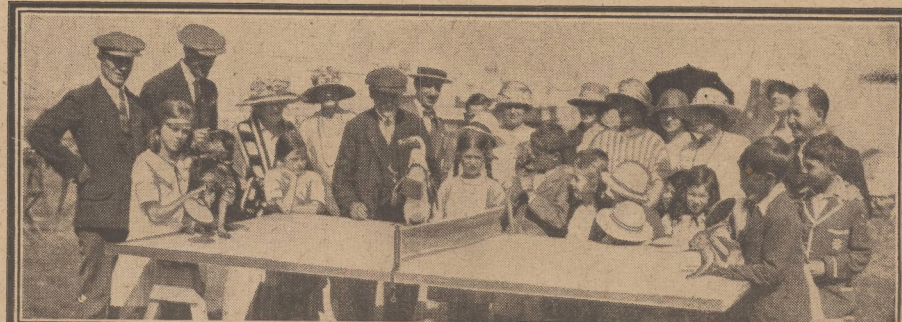
Pip scores as a jumper.



Pip happy with his guests on his roof, and Squeak near the door.



As a batsman Pip is keen rather than clever.



Pip, Squeak and Wilfred, *The Daily Mirror* pets, had a glorious Bank Holiday yesterday. They were welcomed by a tremendous crowd on Yarmouth sands and also visited

Gorleston and Lowestoft. All sorts of amusements were provided for them, including even cricket and table tennis, but Pip did best at jumping.—(*Daily Mirror*.)